

It Is Finished! Blessed Jesus
Words: William MacLagan, 1875.
Music: Walter Sangster, 1875.

It is finished! Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast breathed Thy latest sigh,
Teaching us the sons of Adam
How the Son of God can die.

Lifeless lies the broken body,
Hidden in its rocky bed,
Laid aside like folded garment:
Where is now the Spirit fled?

In the gloomy realms of darkness
Shines a light unknown before,
For the Lord of dead and living
Enters at the open door.

See! He comes, a willing Victim,
Unresisting hither led;
Passing from the cross of sorrow
To the mansions of the dead.

Lo! the heavenly light around Him
As He draws His people near;
All amazed they stand rejoicing
At the gracious words they hear.

For Himself proclaims the story
Of His own incarnate life,
And the death He died to save us,
Victor in that awful strife.

Patriarch and priest and prophet
Gather round Him as He stands,
In adoring faith and gladness,
Hearing of the pierced hands.

Oh, the bliss to which He calls them,
Ransomed by His precious blood,
From the gloomy realms of darkness
To the paradise of God!

There in lowliest joy and wonder
Stands the robber at His side,
Reaping now the blessed promise
Spoken by the Crucified.

Jesus, Lord of dead and living,
Let Thy mercy rest on me;
Grant me, too, when life is finished,
Rest in paradise with Thee.